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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

A great many intelligent people—and some fools—are forever mouthing such empty platitudes as, "America is a free country," "Every man who is willing to work can find a job," and many other equally bright and original sayings.

These inanities are repeated so persistently, that occasionally—when we are suffering from an attack of biliousness or are sore at the world in general because some conductor has palmed off a lead nickel on us—we are almost inclined to believe them; always provided, of course, that our own stipend is reasonable and regular.

At this point it usually happens that some good, kind government official comes along and mercilessly robs us of an argument that has been a source of satisfaction and of a conscious feeling of superiority over our less fortunate fellow-men. The latest State Bureau of Labor report reads:

"Conditions of employment in the first six months of this year have not been so favorable as in the record year of 1906, but they surpassed those of 1905, which was the next best year. Returns to the State Bureau of Labor Statistics from associations of working people, with a membership of more than 93,000 wage earners in eighty-five different trades and occupations, show that the average monthly number of idle workmen was 147 per 1,000 in the first half of 1907, as compared with 151 in the corresponding period of 1905, 104 in 1906, and an average of 164 for the last five years. At the end of June the number idle was 7,809 (81 per 1,000), of whom 1,200 were not working on account of illness, accident or other disability, 700 on account of labor disputes, and the remaining 5,900 on account of lack of employment or other non-personal causes.

"Building operations, which were retarded by the severity of the winter, are now unusually active in all the large cities. In New York the number of buildings begun and the number completed in the second quarter of the present year exceeded the record of last year, and the estimated cost of projected buildings fell but little short of the 1906 record, the decline in the erection of houses in Manhattan and The Bronx having been almost counter-balanced by an increase in office buildings, etc. In both Rochester and Syracuse new records in the building department were attained, and in Buffalo there was a large increase over the average of recent years, although the total was somewhat below the figures for the corresponding months of last year.

"At the end of June conditions of employment in nearly all trades were much above the average. While there were, as a rule, more unemployed workers in the various industries than in the same month last year, there were fewer than in 1905, the next best year of the decade, in all but three of the groups in which all trades are classified. In New York City, in which reside two-thirds of the wage earners herein included, the conditions of employment at the end of June were more favorable than in any of the last five years, with the exception of 1906."

Stripped to the bone, the above figures mean that 164 out of every 1,000 workingmen have been idle during the last five years,—a period probably unprecedented for its prosperity in the last fifty years. We will be told, no doubt, that a certain number of lazy or rapacious workmen of the above total were out on strike. Putting aside the fact that the percentage of the striking workmen is very small, it is a certainty that if there were no labor unions "to cause" disputes, the men would be working twelve or fourteen hours instead of eight or ten, and the total number out of work would be larger for that very reason. The question naturally arises: If there are 16½ per cent. unemployed during such very prosperous times, what is the percentage in periods of depression?

Dreamers, like ourselves, might ask of what use is a social system which condemns one man out of every five—a very low average, taking prosperous and dull times—to idleness, prevents him from producing wealth, being happy and adding to the general well-being of the human family. The practical man answers: "This is a free country," "Every man who is willing to work can find a job," "We are a great people," etc.

Of course, we are—but what do you think of it?

* * *

Among the members of Roosevelt's official household is

a descendant of a family of Corsican banditti, known in history as Buonaparte. The ambition of this "imperial" scion seems to be to surpass his master Teddy in brutality of expression. A year ago, for instance, he had the audacity to propose that Anarchists should be punished by flogging. Now he is winning unenviable distinction as the champion of the death penalty for all those who are unfortunate enough to fall thrice into the merciful hands of our Christian justice.

Brutality, arrogance and stupidity are the family virtues of the Buonapartes. The American descendant, though monarchically illegitimate, is no more humane than his European kin. Indeed, a worthy representative of our plutocracy!

But does Secretary Bonaparte take himself seriously? For, if his suggestions were to be carried out, and the *real* criminals executed, would not Bonaparte and his caste prove the first victims?

* * *

At the recent dedication of the McKinley monument at Canton, Ohio, the President again let loose a speech upon a long-suffering public.

Roosevelt's speeches strongly remind one of Teddy bears: they all look alike. Of course, the Strenuous One is always sure of an audience: man's love of the circus is proverbial. But not even Bonaparte could have invented a more inhumane punishment than the forced reading of the President's speeches.

* * *

Alice Roosevelt and her husband have recently been running wild in Arizona. Boarding a train, on the homestretch, the couple informed the sleeping-car agent that they wished to get a drawing-room. When the train pulled in, the agent interviewed the Pullman conductor. He had only one drawing-room in his cars, and that was occupied by two wealthy Russians. After a consultation the Russians were approached and were told that the daughter of the President was traveling and wished to have the drawing-room. They regretted, somewhat testily, that they could not oblige even so exalted a personage.

Arguments were used without avail and another consultation was held. The Russians were then informed

that they must give way. They protested angrily and created an uproar in the cars, but finally they and their baggage were forcibly moved out to some unoccupied berths, and the Longworths were placed in possession of the drawing-room.

The trouble with "those ignorant foreigners" is that, coming from benighted Russia, they cannot "appreciate the spirit of our free institutions."

* * *

'Tis not so very long ago that radicals—yea, even some Anarchists—could be counted among the admirers of Yellow Hearst. "He means well," was the verdict of these naïve people. "Just read Brisbane's editorials," they argued. "Hearst is the right man!"

Suddenly came the disillusion. At the Jamestown Exposition, where Willie was the chief attraction on Labor Day, the mask fell. Mark Hanna himself could not have championed capitalism more enthusiastically. "I speak in defense of honestly gotten wealth," "The capitalist deserves his just profit"—that was the refrain of the labor champion's song.

Yes, Willie, "honest profit" is more euphonious than the old stock phrases of "thieving scoundrels," "public robbers," and the like. But this is so sudden.

The former radical admirers of Hearst are aghast. For William has spoken; but, lo and behold! the sheep stands revealed as—no, not a wolf—only a parrot.

* * *

Two shining Marxian lights, W. J. Ghent and M. Oppenheimer, have recently issued a pamphlet, entitled "The Red Flag."

Speaking of the emblem of universal brotherhood, the authors relieve their feelings in this manner:

> "The Red Flag is not the emblem of Anarchy. No doubt, Anarchists sometimes use this flag. But it is not the only thing which Anarchists appropriate in use to themselves, and their occasional appropriation of this emblem is something for which the Socialists cannot rightly be blamed. There is, as all sensible men know, not the slightest similarity between Socialism and Anarchism. Between capitalism in its unmitigated form and Anarchism, there is a close and easily observable relationship. But Socialism is equally the enemy of both. Anarchism and capitalism stand equally for social chaos. But Socialism stands eternally for social order."

Is *Socialism* the enemy of Anarchism, or are our enemies merely *Socialists?* If the former is the case, so much the worse for Socialism. There was a time when Socialism, the ideal of brotherhood and liberty, was *not* the enemy of Anarchism. But since Socialism has come to mean concentrated authority and parliamentarism of the lowest order, it *is* the enemy of Anarchism and the foe of *all* liberty.

"Anarchism stands for social chaos." This declaration sounds familiarly capitalistic. Of course, our Socialistic brothers would not stoop to willful misrepresentation à la Hearst. In charity we ascribe their transgressions to mere stupidity.

* * *

The third annual convention of the Industrial Workers of the World has recently taken place at Chicago.

Among the various questions discussed, the main point at issue was: Should the I. W. W., as an organization, participate in politics? The Anarchists present strenuously opposed all suggestions of a politico-parliamentary character, insisting that the battle of labor must be fought exclusively on the economic field. Our comrade Caminita, speaking for the Anarchists, made an eloquent plea for direct action, demonstrating in the most lucid manner the dangers lurking in the ballot box, as well as in all authoritarian policies. He ably championed revolutionary economic battle methods.

Unfortunately, the majority of the delegates were opposed to Caminita's suggestions. It was decided to make no changes in the second paragraph of the I. W. W. preamble, to the effect that the liberation of the proletariat must be accomplished by both political and economic means.

* * *

Our comrades, who have aided so actively in the organization and efforts of the I. W. W., will soon have to decide whether they shall remain, as members of the organization, a mere appendage of the Socialist Labor Party, or whether they should act independently, on their own initiative.

* * *

A word about the practical lessons taught by the propaganda of direct action.

The strike of the longshoremen at Antwerp, Holland, is being broken by scabs shipped from German and Eng-

lish ports. It is a highly instructive fact that not a single Frenchman is to be found among the strike-breakers.

The trade unions of England and the Social Democratic organizations of Germany are rich, strong and well disciplined. How does it happen that they would not, or could not, prevent the shipping of scabs from the ports of their respective countries into Antwerp?

The answer is very simple: they lack the spirit of solidarity.

The propaganda of direct action and the General Strike, which our French comrades have been earnestly carrying on during the last decade, has produced beneficent practical results. It has developed a strong feeling of solidarity among the workers of France and has made them conscious of the identity of interests of international labor. They have learned to realize this basic fact—not as a mere theoretical proposition—but as a living, practical factor.

Hence the intelligent, praiseworthy attitude of the French longshoremen during this important strike at Antwerp. It is time the German and English workingmen should realize the educational value of the direct action and General Strike propaganda, in its application to the practical solution of the labor problem.

* * *

How utterly insignificant are all party politics when compared to that grand spectacle, the Russian Revolution! Irrepressible and unconquerable is this momentous uprising of a mighty people: repeatedly defeated and apparently mastered, it is resurrected again and again, ever rising with renewed vigor, growing stronger by defeat.

Is it possible to eradicate this spirit, this unquenchable thirst for liberty? No! The most hardened pessimist must be taught by it to learn and to hope.

The liberation of the Russian people is no mere dream. Renewed defeats, protracted exhaustion and apparent death may return. But so will also new uprisings, successively growing in strength and determination, and finally assuming proportions beyond the resources of the decayed Tsarism.

The deeds of valor and self-sacrifice we read about in history make the blood course faster in our veins and fill us with admiration. But grander and more prodigious than any deed of the past is the heroic example of our own time.

Wonderful, indeed, are the possibilities of a people inspired by liberty and brotherhood.

* * *

The recent assassination of M. Borodulin, Superintendent of the political prison at Akatui, Transbaikalia, has made another Torquemada harmless. Borodulin was one of the jailers and torturers of Mlle. Spiridonova, the valiant revolutionist who killed M. Luchenovsky, Chief of the Secret Police of Tambov.

After her arrest Mlle. Spiridonova was brutally maltreated and outraged by her captors. Three of the latter, a police officer named Zhanoff, a Cossack officer Abramoff, and another officer Metus, have been assassinated for the part they took in abusing and torturing the young woman.

The hand of the avenging revolutionary angel is swift and sure: Borodulin is the fourth who forfeited his life for torturing Mlle. Spiridonova.

Sic semper tyrannis!

* * *

The capitalistic policy of suppression and exploitation has attained its highest triumph in the colonies. India, once rich and beautiful, has been laid waste by the greed and tyranny of Great Britain.

That the natives are driven to rebellion by their foreign oppressors, is quite natural. Just now much-suffering India is in a state of ferment, one uprising fast following another.

Little news reaches the outside world as to the true conditions in India; but it is evident from the meagre, censored accounts that things are far more serious than the official circles of England are willing to admit.

The spirit of liberty and independence is abroad in all the colonies. Not only India is endeavoring to break the yoke of the foreign oppressor. The Malays are up in arms against Holland. The Moors are defending the remnants of their independence against the encroachment of the French government. The Koreans are bravely

struggling against the Japanese autocracy, and our own colonies are far from "pacified."

The natives, everywhere, are striving to shake off the yoke of the foreign masters. May success crown their efforts! But Liberty will not triumph till *all* oppression —both foreign and domestic—is a thing of the past.

* * *

Conservative literary circles of France religiously believe that the best traditions of the 17th century have been preserved—in custom, language and literature—in the French-speaking part of Canada.

It is not long since the academician Vicomte de Vogüé, addressing a Canadian statesman, exclaimed: "We could learn much from you! Our language, for instance. You, Canadians, have preserved it in all its purity and beauty!"

De Vogüé's academical predecessor, Marmien, who had traveled much in Canada, even believed that he had discovered there the Atticism of *le grand siècle.*

Comrade R. de Marmande, in a recent contribution to *Mercure de France,* exposes these flatteries, which—on the lips of the French politicians—are but self-flattery.

Our comrade, describing the true condition of Canadian life and literature, leaves no doubt that the situation is anything but a healthy one.

Every free expression is mercilessly suppressed by the double censorship: the moral one of the State and the still more dangerous religious one of the all-powerful clergy. Only in Canada could it happen that a publisher, under clerical pressure, should have to burn the works of Voltaire.

On the other hand, the Canadian government encourages the re-publication at home of such French books as have been approved by the censorship. Native authors are thus directly discouraged and every free expression discountenanced.

As to the alleged language purity of French-Canadian literature, Marmande quotes native authors to prove their inanity of expression and empty romanticism.

The literature of Canada but mirrors her life. Both will be infused with originality and strength only when the all-deadening curse of religion will have been lifted from our neighbor.

McKINLEY'S ASSASSINATION FROM THE ANARCHIST STANDPOINT

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

SIX years have passed since William McKinley met his doom at Buffalo and the return stroke of justice took the life of his slayer, Leon Czolgosz. The wild rage that stormed through the brains of the people, following that revolver shot, turning them into temporary madmen, incapable of seeing, hearing, or thinking correctly, has spent itself. Figures are beginning to appear in their true relative proportions, and there is some likelihood that sane words will be sanely listened to. Instead of the wild and savage threats, "Brand the Anarchists with hot iron," "Boil in oil," "Hang to the first lamp-post," "Scourge and shackle," "Deport to a desert island," which were the stock phrases during the first few weeks following the tragedy, and were but the froth of the upheaved primitive barbarity of civilized men, torn loose and raging like an unreasoning beast, we now hear an occasional serious inquiry: "But what have the Anarchists to say about it? Was Czolgosz really an Anarchist? Did he say he was? And what has Anarchism to do with assassination altogether?"

To those who wish to know what the Anarchists have to say, these words are addressed. We have to say that *not Anarchism, but the state of society which creates men of power and greed and the victims of power and greed,* is responsible for the death of both McKinley and Czolgosz. Anarchism has this much to do with assassination, that as it teaches the possibility of a society in which the needs of life may be fully supplied for all, and in which the opportunities for complete development of mind and body shall be the heritage of all; as it teaches that the present unjust organization of the production and distribution of wealth must finally be completely destroyed, and replaced by a system which will insure to each the liberty to work, without first seeking a master to whom he must surrender a tithe of his product, which will guarantee his liberty of access to the sources and means of production; as it teaches that all this is possible without the exhaustion of body and mind which is

hourly wrecking the brain and brawn of the nations in the present struggle of the workers to achieve a competence, it follows that Anarchism does create rebels. Out of the blindly submissive, it makes the discontented; out of the unconsciously dissatisfied, it makes the consciously dissatisfied. Every movement for the social betterment of the peoples, from time immemorial, has done the same. And since among the ranks of dissatisfied people are to be found all manner of temperaments and degrees of mental development—just as are found among the satisfied also—it follows that there are occcasionally those who translate their dissatisfaction into a definite act of reprisal against the society which is crushing them and their fellows. Assassination of persons representing the ruling power is such an act of reprisal. There have been Christian assassins, Republican assassins, Socialist assassins, and Anarchist assassins; in no case was the act of assassination an expression of any of these religious or political creeds, but of temperamental reaction against the injustice created by the prevailing system of the time (excluding, of course, such acts as were merely the result of personal ambition or derangement). Moreover, Anarchism less than any of these can have anything to do in determining a specific action, since, in the nature of its teaching, every Anarchist must act purely on his own initiative and responsibility; there are no secret societies nor executive boards of any description among Anarchists. But that among a mass of people who realize fully what a slaughter-house capitalism has made of the world, how even little children are daily and hourly crippled, starved, doomed to the slow death of poisoned air, to ruined eyesight, wasted limbs, and polluted blood; how through the sapping of the present generation's strength the unborn are condemned to a rotten birthright, all that riches may be heaped where they are not needed; who realize that all this is as unnecessary and stupid as it is wicked and revolting; that among these there should be some who rise up and strike back, whether wisely or unwisely, effectively or ineffectively, is no matter for wonder; the wonder is there are not more. *The hells of capitalism create the desperate; the desperate act,—desperately!*

And in so far as Anarchism seeks to arouse the con-

sciousness of oppression, the desire for a better society, and a sense of the necessity for unceasing warfare against capitalism and the State, the authors of all this unrecognized but Nemesis-bearing crime, in so far it is responsible and does not shirk its responsibility: "For it is impossible but that offences come; but woe unto them through whom they come."

Many offences had come through the acts of William McKinley. Upon his hand was the "damned spot" of official murder, the blood of the Filipinos, whom he, in pursuance of the capitalist policy of Imperialism, had sentenced to death. Upon his head falls the curse of all the workers against whom, time and time again, he threw the strength of his official power. Without doubt he was in private life a good and kindly man; it is even probable he saw no wrong in the terrible deeds he had commanded done. Perhaps he was able to reconcile his Christian belief, "Do good to them that hate you," with the slaughters he ordered; perhaps he murdered the Filipinos "to do them good"; the capitalist mind is capable of such contortions. But whatever his private life, he was the representative of wealth and greed and power; in accepting the position he accepted the rewards and the dangers, just as a miner, who goes down in the mine for $2.50 a day or less, accepts the danger of the firedamp. McKinley's rewards were greater and his risks less; moreover, he didn't need the job to keep bread in his mouth; but he, too, met an explosive force—the force of a desperate man's will. And he died; *not as a martyr, but as a gambler who had won a high stake and was struck down by the man who had lost the game:* for that is what capitalism has made of human well-being—a gambler's stake, no more.

Who was this man? No one knows. A child of the great darkness, a spectre out of the abyss! Was he an Anarchist? We do not know. None of the Anarchists knew him, save as a man with whom some few of them had exchanged a few minutes' conversation, in which he said that he had been a Socialist, but was then dissatisfied with the Socialist movement. The police said he was an Anarchist; the police said he attributed his act to the influence of a lecture of Emma Goldman. But the police have lied before, and, like the celebrated Orchard,

they need "corroborative evidence." All that we really know of Czolgosz is his revolver shot and his dying words: "I killed the President because he was the enemy of the people, the good, working people." All between is blank. What he really said, if he said anything, remains in the secret papers of the Buffalo Police Department and the Auburn prison. If we are to judge inferentially, considering his absolutely indifferent behavior at his "trial," he never said anything at all. He was utterly at their mercy, and had they been able to twist or torture any word of his into a "conspiracy," they would have done it. Hence it is most probable he said nothing.

Was he a normal or an abnormal being? In full possession of his senses, or of a disturbed or weak mentality? Again we do not know. All manner of fables arose immediately after his act as to his boyhood's career; people knew him in his childhood as evil, stupid, cruel; even some knew him who had heard him talk about assassinating the President years before; other legends contradicted these; all were equally unreliable. His indifference at the "trial" may have been that of a strong man enduring a farce, or of a clouded and non-realizing mind. His last words were the words of a naïve and devoted soul, a soul quite young, quite unselfish, and quite forlorn. If martyrdom is insisted upon, which was the martyr, the man who had had the good of life, who was past middle years, who had received reward and distinction to satiety, who had ordered others killed without once jeopardizing his own life, and to whom death came more easily than to millions who die of long want and slow tortures of disease, or this young strong soul which struck its own blow and paid with its own life, so capable of the utterest devotion, so embittered and ruined in its youth, so hopeless, so wasted, so cast out of the heart of pity, so altogether alone in its last agony? This was the greater tragedy—a tragedy bound to be repeated over and over, until "the good working people" (in truth they are not so good) learn that the earth is theirs and the fullness thereof, and that there is no need for any one to enslave himself to another. This Anarchism teaches, and this the future will realize, though many martyrdoms lie between.

THE INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONGRESS

Report by EMMA GOLDMAN.

AN International Congress! The suspicious mind will at once conjure up horrors of majority rule, of politicians and platforms—platforms carefully devised to appeal to the stupid, and politicians who will make it appear that the stupid themselves have chosen their programs. The majority has but to be made to believe that it enjoys sovereignty and the power of decision, and it will cheerfully seal its own degradation.

However, the International Anarchist Congress at Amsterdam had none of that. The eighty delegates who had come from monarchies and republics did not assemble to get up a catechism. Their purpose was to crystallize—out of the contrast of temperaments, theories and opinions—harmonious and concerted action. Of such contrasts there were many, occasionally bursting out at one another like bomb-shells, the Latin temperament readily bubbling over, often threatening to destroy the dearly cherished German sense of "order." But after the delegates had come into comradely touch with one another, a quieter atmosphere made itself felt, uniting all in a sincere desire to co-operate in every way possible to make the Congress a success.

Enrico Malatesta, the senior of the Congress, full of youthful spirit, his eyes glowing with the divine fire for the revolutionizing of mind and body, was one of the most interesting figures. His enthusiasm for the cause, together with his sweet personality, produce an exquisitely harmonious character, the influence of which is both soothing and inspiring.

Pierre Monatte, a representative of the "Confédération du Travail" (Revolutionary Trade Unions of France), an agitator of great force, thoroughly versed in the literature of the economic and anti-militarist movements, simple and unassuming, full of the spirit of solidarity and true comradeship. Together with such men as Pouget, Delesalle, Greffulheus, he is building up a tremendous economic force, the "Confédération Générale du Travail," of which MOTHER EARTH will have more to say in a later issue.

R. de Marmande, *revolutionaire* and true *bohême,* jovial, full of esprit, with a keen sense of humor. He refuses to see in the Mother of Freedom—Revolution—a black-robed nun, walking about in penitence and despair over the sins of mankind. Revolution, to him, is the great liberator, the joy-bearer.

Henri Feiss-Amoré, the Belgian, was one of the most typical Frenchmen at the Congress: impatient, hot-headed and impulsive, yet polite and chivalrous; he necessarily proved a failure in everything that required system and self-control.

Broutchoux, a power in the mining regions of France, belongs to the type of workingman who has helped to make revolutionary history,—intelligent, daring and uncompromising. He is beloved by his fellow-workers and hated by all authoritarian parties.

Dunois, from Switzerland, and Chapelier, a Belgian, furnished much human document—the former too democratic to appreciate the real value of the individual; the latter, too sectarian for a universal movement. Chapelier's internationalism lies in Esperanto. No doubt, much could have been gained at the Congress had all the delegates known Esperanto, as the interpretations from the French, Dutch and German consumed a tremendous amount of time. But to believe that an arbitrary, mechanical language can ever replace anything that has grown out of the soil, the life and the customs of a people, is to be sectarian indeed.

Another of the delegates was Luigi Fabri, from Italy, well known through his writings on Anarchism and his affiliation with Mollinari's *L'Università Popolare.*

Dr. Friedeberg, the German delegate, is an ex-member of the Social Democratic Party, which he represented as Alderman in the city of Berlin. In that capacity he has had ample opportunity to learn the uselessness of parliamentarism, which induced him to turn to Anarchism. Dr. Friedeberg is now one of the foremost champions of the General Strike, direct action and anti-militarism. Though he is indicted for high treason—a very serious offense in the land of the Kaiser—he was completely wrapped up in the work of the Congress, unconcerned as to what the future may bring him.

Two Bohemian comrades, Vohryzek and Knotek, were very interesting delegates. Vohryzek, alert and ever ready with suggestions and resolutions, is a fanatical admirer of the achievements of his country, without the slightest sense of relative proportion. His friend, Knotek, was quite a contrast. He never spoke once during the entire session, yet one could not fail to perceive the artistic, dreamy and refined temperament. I regret that time did not permit me to see more of Comrade Knotek.

Then there was R. Rocker, editor of the *Workers' Friend* and *Germinal*, Jewish papers published in London. German by birth, he has acquired the Yiddish language, and through his able pen he is doing much to bring light and hope into the gloomy existence of the Jewish proletariat in England. He has acted as an impetus to the idealism, the earnestness and studiousness of the young Yiddish element, both in England and America. But one of his greatest merits is that he has made accessible to the Jewish reading public the revolutionary literature of the world.

There were many other delegates, who, for lack of space, cannot be discussed here; but they added much interesting material on the growth of our ideas in their respective countries.

* * *

After a few preliminaries, the Congress began its real work Monday afternoon, August 26th. Reports were read from France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Russia, Servia, Bulgaria, Holland, England and the United States. The report on the American situation our readers will be able to follow in MOTHER EARTH. A résumé of the other reports will appear later.

The first subject for the consideration of the Congress was "Anarchism and Organization," with Dunois as speaker. The constant misrepresentation of Anarchism by its opponents has resulted in the widespread notion that Anarchism is merely destructive. That it is also constructive, our enemies carefully avoid stating.

In his opening remarks Dunois regrets that so little attention has hitherto been paid to the necessity of organization. "The individualistic notion, as expressed by Dr. Stockman in Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People,'

that the strongest is he who stands alone, has been very detrimental to the Anarchist movement. This statement has no relation to Anarchism, since Stockman merely voiced the egoistic notion of the bourgeoisie." After a lengthy discourse on similar lines the speaker proposed the following resolution to the Congress: "Anarchism and organization are not antagonistic; on the contrary, the common material interests of the workers as well as the mutual interests in ideas necessitate federated organizations."

In opposition to Dunois' conception, the Dutch comrade Croiset spoke of the individualistic phase of Anarchism—not in the sense, however, of private property, mutual banking, contracts and a voluntary police force—but of the importance of the individual in society. He is not opposed to organization, on principle. But, believing egoism the main-spring of all our desires and actions, he holds that organization can be founded only on purely individual interests. "Egoists may combine to more successfully carry out some mutual project. But organization, not based on individual interests, is in danger of developing into an arbitrary and authoritarian factor."

Max Baginski and myself spoke in favor of organization, laying stress on the fact that it is always the self-conscious, free individualities which decide the character and influence of an organization. We further illustrated our point by the following paper on "The Relation of Anarchism to Organization," read by Max Baginski:

"The charge that Anarchism is destructive rather than constructive, and that, therefore, Anarchism is opposed to organization, is one of the many falsehoods spread by our opponents. They confound our present social institutions with organization; therefore they fail to understand how we can oppose the former and yet favor the latter. The fact, however, is that the two are not identical.

"The STATE is commonly regarded as the highest form of organization. But is it in reality a true organization? Is it not rather an arbitrary institution, cunningly imposed upon the masses?

"INDUSTRY, too, is called an organization; yet nothing is farther from the truth. Industry is the ceaseless piracy of the rich against the poor.

"We are asked to believe that the ARMY is an organization, but a close investigation will show that it is nothing else than a cruel instrument of blind force.

"The PUBLIC SCHOOL! The colleges and other institutions of learning, are they not models of organization, offering the people fine opportunities for instruction? Far from it. The school, more than any other institution, is a veritable barrack, where the human mind is drilled and manipulated into submission to various social and moral spooks, and thus fitted to continue our system of exploitation and oppression.

"Organization, as *we* understand it, however, is a different thing. It is based, primarily, on freedom. It is the natural and voluntary grouping of energies for the achievement of results beneficial to humanity; results which should endow life with meaning, worth and beauty.

"It is the harmony of organic growth which produces variety of color and form, the complete whole we admire in the flower. Analogously will the organized activity of free human beings, endowed with the spirit of solidarity, result in the perfection of social harmony, which we call Anarchism. In fact, Anarchism alone makes non-authoritarian organization of common interests possible, since it abolishes the existing antagonism between individuals and classes.

"Under present conditions the antagonism of economic and social interests results in relentless war among the social units, and creates an insurmountable obstacle in the way of a co-operative commonwealth.

"There is a mistaken notion that organization does not foster individual freedom; that, on the contrary, it means the decay of individuality. In reality, however, the true function of organization is to aid the development and growth of the personality.

"Just as the animal cells, by mutual co-operation, express their latent powers in the formation of the complete organism, so does the individuality, by co-operative effort with other individualities, attain its highest form of development.

"An organization, in the true sense, cannot result from the combination of mere nonentities. It must be composed of self-conscious, intelligent individualities. In-

deed, the total of the possibilities and activities of an organization is represented in the expression of individual energies.

"It therefore logically follows that the greater the number of strong, self-conscious personalities in an organization, the less danger of stagnation and the more intense its life-element.

"Anarchism asserts the possibility of an organization without discipline, fear or punishment, and without the pressure of poverty: a new social organism, which will make an end to the terrible struggle for the means of existence,—the savage struggle which undermines the finest qualities in man and ever widens the social abyss. In short, Anarchism strives towards a social organization which will establish well-being for all.

"The germ of such an organization can be found in that form of trades unionism which has done away with centralization, bureaucracy and discipline, and which favors independent and direct action on the part of its members."

* * *

Malatesta, discussing the various attitudes towards organization, finds the difference not so much in principle as in the method of expression. "One is apt to lay too great stress on some particular pet phase, whereas in reality all the speakers are agreed as to the necessity of organization. I, too, can see little in the position of Dr. Stockman. Were he a worker in some factory, at the mercy of poverty and exploitation, he would soon descend from his lofty pedestal."

Baginski and myself opposed the opinion expressed by Dunois and Malatesta, that Ibsen represented, in his art, the attitude of the egoistic bourgeoisie. Anarchism does not mean Kropotkin *or* Ibsen: it embraces both. While Kropotkin has explained the social conditions which lead to a collective revolution, Ibsen has portrayed, in a masterly manner, the psychological effects which culminate in the revolt of the human soul,—the revolt of the individuality. Nothing would prove more disastrous to our ideas, were we unable to unite the external, the physical, and the internal, the psychological, motives of rebellion against the existing institutions.

ism, also propagates anti-militarism, anti-political and anti-parliamentary action, seeing in all these dangerous obstacles in the way of human liberation."

These remarks, followed by an interesting discussion, left the impression that the keeping aloof, in the past, from the trade union movement has been a mistake. The destructive, as well as the constructive, forces for a new life come from the working people. It, therefore, behooves us to keep in close contact with the latter. There was little diversity of opinion on this point. The various speakers merely considered whether syndicalism is to be looked upon as an aim or as a means. Malatesta was particularly brilliant in his remarks anent this question. "I, too, regret that most of the comrades isolated themselves from the trades union movement; but there would be still more cause for regret were they to go to the other extreme and dissolve in the present syndicalist agitation. To regenerate society, more is required than the battle on the economic field. Direct action and the General Strike are to be hailed as glorious weapons in the present struggle; but to assume that they will bring about a Social Revolution, as we conceive the latter, is to be guilty of great *naïvité*. Such a revolution goes far beyond every class interest, its aim is the liberation of man in all phases of life. Therefore, our methods must never become one-sided. It may be impossible and, in fact, inadvisable for *all* workingmen to join the General Strike—railroad men, sailors, carmen and others, holding the means of transportation in their hands, may serve the cause of labor infinitely more by carrying the necessities of life to their striking brothers. Statistics prove that a city like London has provisions only for three months. What would become of the strikers after three months, if the railroad employees, too, were to join them?"

Malatesta has in view, particularly, periods of a great uprising or an insurrection. So far as ordinary strikes, however, are concerned he will probably agree with me that, if those employed in transportation were to join the strikers, the question at issue could be settled long before the supply of any large city would give out.

The subject closed with two propositions. One, signed by Monatte, Nacht, Dunois and Marmande, was to the

to join. The groups, federations and individual members are to retain their full autonomy. A Bureau of Correspondence, consisting of five members, has been chosen, the purpose of which is to bring about closer communication and greater solidarity between the groups of various countries; also to keep them posted on the current events of the movement. Individual comrades, desiring to become members of the International, must be identified by their organization, the Bureau, or some comrade known to the Bureau. The expenses of the Bureau are to be defrayed by contributions of the groups and comrades belonging to the International.

Various views were expressed as to the merits of a Bureau, some of the delegates being apprehensive of the resurrection of the General Council of the International —an authoritarian clique, full of national and international intrigue and gossip. The fact that such irreproachable characters as Malatesta, Rocker, etc., have been chosen as members is safe guarantee, however, that the new Bureau will have a different character. The American delegates were in favor of a Bulletin, which should furnish all countries with data on the growth of our ideas. However, those who preferred the Bureau hope that such a Bulletin may be issued as soon as money will be forthcoming.

* * *

Syndicalism was discussed by Pierre Monatte, from whose paper I quote a few paragraphs: "Syndicalism is the arena where the proletariat can gather for the battle, whose final object is the overthrow of the present economic and social institutions. There are various means, of course, but the most effective ones have proven to be *sabotage* (the despoiling of property and material), direct action and the General Strike. All these means, in contradistinction to the old authoritarian and political methods, have already caused a great deal of consternation among the enemy. It is to be regretted that many Anarchists still cling to the tradition of the old political revolution. No wonder they often despair of the means of realizing their ideals. Syndicalism, however, organizes the proletariat into a revolutionary phalanx giving the workingman confidence in himself, in his own power. Syndicalism, imbued with the true spirit of International-

ism, also propagates anti-militarism, anti-political and anti-parliamentary action, seeing in all these dangerous obstacles in the way of human liberation."

These remarks, followed by an interesting discussion, left the impression that the keeping aloof, in the past, from the trade union movement has been a mistake. The destructive, as well as the constructive, forces for a new life come from the working people. It, therefore, behooves us to keep in close contact with the latter. There was little diversity of opinion on this point. The various speakers merely considered whether syndicalism is to be looked upon as an aim or as a means. Malatesta was particularly brilliant in his remarks anent this question. "I, too, regret that most of the comrades isolated themselves from the trades union movement; but there would be still more cause for regret were they to go to the other extreme and dissolve in the present syndicalist agitation. To regenerate society, more is required than the battle on the economic field. Direct action and the General Strike are to be hailed as glorious weapons in the present struggle; but to assume that they will bring about a Social Revolution, as we conceive the latter, is to be guilty of great *naïvité*. Such a revolution goes far beyond every class interest, its aim is the liberation of man in all phases of life. Therefore, our methods must never become one-sided. It may be impossible and, in fact, inadvisable for *all* workingmen to join the General Strike—railroad men, sailors, carmen and others, holding the means of transportation in their hands, may serve the cause of labor infinitely more by carrying the necessities of life to their striking brothers. Statistics prove that a city like London has provisions only for three months. What would become of the strikers after three months, if the railroad employees, too, were to join them?"

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effect that they see in syndicalism and in the material interests of the proletariat the principal basis of revolutionary activity.

The second, signed by Malatesta, myself and others, explained that revolutionary trade unionism and the General Strike are only means and can in no way replace the Social Revolution. It also expressed the conviction that the capitalistic régime can be abolished only through an insurrection and expropriation, and that our battle must be directed against all authoritarian forces.

As the first resolution was merely an addition to the second, both were accepted by the Congress. So also was the following declaration as to "Individual and Collective Terror," signed by Max Baginski and myself:

"We recommend that the International Anarchist Congress declare itself in favor of the right of rebellion on the part of the individual, as well as on that of the masses.

"We hold that most terroristic acts, especially those directed against representatives of the State and the plutocracy, must be considered from a psychological viewpoint. They are the results of the profound impression made upon the psychology of the individual by the terrible pressure of our social injustice.

"As a rule, only the noblest, most sensitive and tender spirits are subject to such deep impressions, which manifest themselves in internal and external revolt. Thus viewed, terroristic acts can justly be characterized as the socio-psychological consequences of an unbearable system; as such, these acts, together with their causes and motives, must be understood, rather than praised or condemned.

"During revolutionary periods, such as the present one in Russia, for instance, terrorism—apart from its psychological character—serves a twofold purpose: it undermines the very foundation of tyranny, and kindles in the timid the divine fire of revolt. Especially is this the case when terroristic activity is directed against the most brutal and hated agents of despotism.

"The Congress, indorsing this resolution, manifests its understanding for the act of the individual rebel, as well as its solidaric feeling with collective insurrection."

The paper on "The General Strike and the Political Strike," by Dr. Friedeberg, was an able critique of the Social Democratic notions in regard to the merely political General Strike. The speaker stated that the latter was being advised merely to infuse new life into the anemic condition of the political activity of that party. A résumé of Dr. Friedeberg's resolution follows:

"The class struggle and the economical liberation of the proletariat are not identical with the ideas and aims of Anarchism. The latter extend beyond the class aims and stand for the complete material and psychological regeneration of human individuality. Anarchism sees in the abolition of class régime and economic dependence the first step towards a free society. It cannot, however, employ those means of combat which are contradictory to itself and its purposes. Anarchism, therefore, refuses to recognize parliamentary action, conservative trade unionism and the right of the majority to dictate to or coerce the minority."

* * *

"Anarchism and Anti-Militarism" was referred to the anti-militaristic Congress that had been arranged by comrade Domela Nieuwenhuis. The opening session, Friday afternoon, August 29th, was attended by all the delegates of the International Anarchist Congress. Interesting reports were read as to the growth of anti-militarism in various countries. Switzerland furnished the most gratifying results, seventy men having refused military service. The delegates expressed their solidarity with all those imprisoned for such heroism. Pierre Ramus and R. de Marmande spoke on "Anarchism and Anti-Militarism." All agreed on the necessity of a vigorous agitation among soldiers and militiamen, urging them to refuse obedience when ordered to shoot strikers. Also to impress upon the workingman the necessity of abstaining, as much as possible, from the manufacture of all articles of wholesale slaughter. A letter of greeting from Dutch soldiers, also one of sympathy from Ferrer—recently rescued from the clutches of the Spanish authorities—were read.

* * *

Saturday, August 30th, the last day of our own Con-

gress, was taken up by a paper on co-operative societies in Holland, by comrade Samson; a paper on co-education, by Leon Clement, read by Marmande; an exposition of Esperanto, by Emile Chapelier, and a paper on Alcoholism, by a Christian Anarchist. As time was limited and the delegates worn out, the subjects were not discussed. A letter of greeting was received from comrade Yvetôt, now serving four years for syndicalistic activity. In reply, a letter of solidarity was sent to Yvetôt and his fellow-sufferers, of the following contents:

"The Congress declares that the French government acts toward the workingmen as brutally and severely as all other governments of the world. We, therefore, send our brotherly greetings to Yvetôt, Marck, Levy, Bousquet, Corton, Loubot, Berthet, Clementine Delmotte and Gabrielle Petit (who are now in prison). At the same time we express our sympathy and solidarity with all the champions of liberty, suffering under the capitalistic régime. We urge that the International Bureau consider it one of its first steps to defend and assist all these."

A resolution in behalf of Russia, signed by Rogdaeff, Zabregneff, Cornelissen, Baginski, Munjitsch, Fabri, Malatesta and myself, was enthusiastically accepted by the Congress. It follows:

"Considering that with the development of the people of Russia the proletariat of the cities and country will never be satisfied with mere political liberties, it is their aim to free themselves from economical as well as political bondage, and to employ in their struggle such means as have been propagated by the Anarchists for a considerable time. They can not expect anything from above, and they must, therefore, conquer their rights by direct action.

"The Russian revolution is not only of local or national importance, but the near future of the international proletariat depends on it. The bourgeoisie of the new and the old worlds co-operate to defend their privileges and to postpone the abolition of their régime. They furnish moral and material support to the government of the Tsar, even supplying it with ammunition for the destruction of the Russian people.

"We therefore urge that the proletariat of all countries should inaugurate an energetic activity, opposing capitalist, monarchical, republican, democratic and constitutional government. It is in the interest of all workingmen to refuse any compromise in their attitude toward the Russian Revolution. Never, under any circumstances, ought they to be willing to assist any foreign power in its attempt to crush the revolt. If during a strike in Russia a General Strike cannot be declared in the corresponding industries in other countries, the proletariat should resort to such means which would spoil or injure the material sent to the Russian government, refusing to carry arms or other sinews of war into Russia.

"The Congress recommends to all comrades the necessity of furthering Anarchism in Russia and the Russian Revolution."

Two Christian Anarchists, who seemed to think that the régime of the Tsar can be met with Bible texts, refused to vote.

The Congress closed with a few warm and expressive remarks by Malatesta, and the singing of the "Internationale."

The delegates were in no way molested by the authorities at Amsterdam, except for a few Dutch detectives, who were occasionally following some of us.

I may mention that on the 2d of September, the day when Queen Wilhelmina came to Amsterdam, Baginski and I were supposed to have been watched very carefully. As if Anarchists were engaged in the slaughter of geese!

Whatever may come of the work or the resolutions of the Congress, it has undoubtedly brought about a closer international feeling and proven to the world that the Anarchist movement can no longer be treated as the "pastime of a few cranks," but that it is a wide-spread, earnest endeavor to wage war against all power and oppression.

ANARCHIST INTERNATIONAL

Dear Comrades,—The Anarchist Congress at Amsterdam has thought it useful to create an organ of communication between comrades of different countries, and has nominated to this end an International Correspondence Bureau. This Bureau has no other duty than to facilitate the relations between those who cannot correspond directly with each other, and to bring to the knowledge of all concerned the news and propositions which will be communicated to it.

The Bureau has also the duty of organizing archives of the Anarchist movement, which should be at the disposal of all the comrades.

To be able to fulfill its work, the International Bureau appeals to all Anarchists to send at least two copies of all the publications concerning the movement.

The International Bureau opens at the same time a subscription to cover the deficit left by the Amsterdam Congress, and to raise necessary funds for the expenses to be involved by the Bureau.

The Bureau will publish shortly the resolutions accepted by the Congress, and asks the different groups and federations to send in, as soon as possible, the number of copies they wish to receive.

With fraternal greetings,

For the International Bureau,

A. SCHAPIRO, Secretary.

All communications, subscriptions, publications, etc., to be sent to A. Shapiro, 163 Jubilee Street, London, E.

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THE SITUATION IN AMERICA

(Continued.)

THE American labor movement, as represented by its numerically most important organization, the American Federation of Labor, has not yet awakened to a proper realization of the true purpose of trade unionism. It is still in the leading strings of bourgeois views and under the influence of the political traditions of the Republic. The people at large are still living in the blind belief of their alleged political liberty,

though the last vestiges of the same are fast disappearing. The plutocracy encourages this belief, as the safest and surest method of perpetuating the wage slave in his bondage. It might be truly said that the rule of the rich is based upon our faith in worn-out political traditions.

The revolutionary propaganda here is charged with being a foreign growth, suitable perhaps for other conditions, but entirely out of place in "this free land, where the people govern themselves." The leaders of our labor unions pride themselves on the fact that their organizations are law-abiding and orderly bodies. They strive to serve both capital and labor, with the inevitable result that the latter is the loser. Taking for granted the identity of interests of employer and employee, our trade organizations fail to see the real source of wage slavery in the system of capitalism. They limit their activity to attempts to improve economic conditions within the present régime; they are seeking palliatives for evils conditioned in the very system of industrialism, never questioning the social right of existence of labor exploiters.

Preaching the identity of interests between the exploiters and exploited, the labor leaders are naturally on the most intimate terms with the plutocracy. They are the "honored" members of the capitalistic organization known as the Civic Federation, which was founded by Mark Hanna, America's most corrupt politician and the greatest exploiter of labor. The alleged purpose of this Federation is to "preserve the harmony between capital and labor," i. e., to arbitrate strikes. Its spirit is represented by such men as August Belmont, F. Cutting, Bishop Potter, etc., every one of them directly interested in perpetuating existing conditions. Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, and John Mitchell, president of the coal miners, are also members of the Civic Federation, representing in that body organized labor by wining and dining with exploiters and arbitrating strikes over a glass of imported champagne. Needless to add, such "arbitration" generally results to the detriment of labor.

Strikes are still conducted along lines primitive to the point of being ludicrous. The workers of some single

branch go out on a strike and passively await results. They act as if it were a contest of endurance between capitalist and workers, the victory to rest with the one who can persevere longest in the economic struggle. Of course, the capitalist is able to sustain financial losses for a longer period than his striking employees; to the latter, a strike, after a few weeks duration, means actual starvation. The funds of labor organizations not being as plentiful as those of the exploiters, the workingmen are doomed sooner or later to capitulate. This antiquated method of striking is reactionary in principle and a failure in practice.

The movement of the early 80's, which culminated in 1887 in the legal murder of comrades Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fischer and Engels, closely approached the idea of direct action and the General Strike. Since then various attempts have been made by individual labor unions to abolish the old methods of striking; the greatest obstacle to their success, however, proved the trade union hierocracy, which is determined to preserve its pleasant sinecures.

In some of the great conflicts of capital and labor, the natural spirit of revolt on the part of the strikers carried them beyond the limits set by the labor misleaders. Thus in the Homestead strike of 1892 the locked-out steel workers came in collision with the imported Pinkertons, the struggle practically assuming the proportions of a rebellion. The shot fired by comrade Alexander Berkman upon the then president of the Carnegie Steel Company struck a responsive chord in many a workingman's heart. An equally revolutionary spirit permeated the strikers of the Pullman Car Company, the struggle culminating, in 1894, in the brutal persecution of the most active element of the strikers and the imprisonment of Eugene Debs. In the mining districts of Colorado and Idaho the bitter war of the workers against the arrogant mine owners has been continued during the last decade. The money power, servilly aided by the State, inaugurated a reign of terror in the above regions. But persecution only served to awaken and strengthen the power of resistance on the part of the miners, whose organization, the Western Federation of Miners, grew in strength and conscious determination

through that very struggle. In spite of the combined attack of State and capital, the Western Miners can point to considerable triumphs. The plutocracy, however, realizing that the revolutionary spirit of the Western Federation of Miners constituted a real danger to its system of exploitation, determined to destroy that labor body by sending its most intelligent and active workers and officials to the gallows. Naturally, the authorities of those mining regions, true to the mission of all government, hastened to aid the mine operators in the nefarious conspiracy to hang Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. The latter were charged with murder, and their execution was determined upon as the best means of destroying their revolutionary organization and stifling the awakening spirit of conscious revolt.

Fortunately, however, the conspiracy of the exploiters and State authorities was not successful in this case: William Haywood was acquitted. But this episode should serve as a lesson for the American proletariat to prepare for the coming greater struggles with their unscrupulous oppressors.

One of the recent attempts to put the labor movement of America upon a more rational, progressive and revolutionary basis, has resulted in the organization of the Industrial Workers of the World. It represented a great improvement upon the old method of trade organization. It was formed on the principle of uniting all the branches of an industry into one organization, along the lines of their common solidarity of interests. At their first convention in Chicago, in 1907, the Industrial Workers condemned the old trade union tactics, which produce discord and weaken the power of organized labor; they resolved to declare war against the existing economic system, aiming at the complete emancipation of labor from all forms of exploitation.

It is to be regretted, however, that the new organization is not preserving its single-heartedness and concentrating all its energies in the struggle with capital. The efficiency and usefulness of the I. W. W. has been considerably impaired by internal strife, jealousy and legal litigation among themselves, as well as by the unenviable—and partly justified—reputation they have acquired as strike-breakers, taking the places of striking

members of the American Federation of Labor. Petty political machinations on the part of one of the wings of the Socialist movement have further served to discredit the new organization.

Before closing this chapter, brief mention should be made of the Socialist movement in America. Having split at their conference in Chicago, in 1897, into the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party, they have since devoted their time to politics and mutual condemnation. While the Socialist Labor Party still remains true, to a certain extent, to the traditions of the Socialism of former days, the Social Democratic wing—numerically the more important—has entered the swamp of opportunism, with all its attendant disasters to the ideal, resulting in pure and simple State Socialism. "Get votes!" is their slogan. This policy has resulted in a number of disgraceful campaigns, conducted on the principle that "the end justifies the means." On the whole, the American Social Democracy is aping its German sister, even to the extent of condemning direct action and the General Strike.

The star of the new revolutionary labor movement in America is rising in the West.

* * *

A special report should be devoted to a consideration of the condition of the American farmers, whose number is almost twice as large as that of the industrial population. But there is neither time nor space to permit of a detailed report, necessary to do the subject justice. We shall merely remark, in passing, that the independent American farmer is as much a myth as the free-born American citizen. The best land is in the hands of large holders, and, as farming is profitable only on a large scale, the small farmer is under tremendous disadvantages, both in the matter of competition and as a result of railroad discrimination in favor of the big shippers. The fate of the farm hands is still worse. The small farmer, loaded with heavy mortgages, cannot afford to pay good wages. The agricultural laborers are veritable slaves, toiling long hours for a mere pittance: sixteen to twenty dollars per month.

* * *

Sad and deplorable in the extreme is the position of the American negro. Rivers of blood have been shed to free the black man from slavery; yet, after almost half a century of so-called freedom, the negro question is more acute than ever. The persecution, suffering and injustice to which this much-hated race is being constantly subjected can be compared only to the brutal treatment of the Jews in Russia. Hardly a day passes without a negro being lynched in some part of the country. It is no uncommon occurrence for a whole town to turn out to witness the no less brutalizing than brutal spectacle of so-called "mob justice": the hanging or burning of a colored man. Nor are these terrible atrocities perpetrated in the South only. Though in a lesser degree, the North is guilty as well. Nowhere in the country does the negro enjoy equal opportunity with the white man—socially, politically or economically—notwithstanding his alleged constitutional rights. Legally and theoretically, black slavery has been abolished; in reality, however, the negro is as much a slave now as in ante-bellum days, and even more ostracized socially and exploited economically.

Race hatred and persecution are not limited to the negro. In a lesser degree, other races and nationalities also suffer from the same narrow-minded spirit. Only recently Japanese residents were made the victims of this curse of our Christian civilization.

* * *

The beginning of Anarchism, as a distinct and independent movement in America, dates from the Congress of the International Working People's Association, which took place at Pittsburg, October 14—16, 1883.

A plan of organization was there agreed upon, which, among other things, provided for the formation throughout the country of federal or federated groups. It was decided that five persons should have the right to form a group; that each group should have complete independence, and that a bureau of information should be created, with headquarters at Chicago.

Immediate and most energetic action followed the holding of this Congress. Groups of the International were organized in all the principal cities of the Eastern

and Middle States, and an active propaganda movement was begun, which, with varying degrees of success, has continued down to the present day.

From about the time of the arrival of John Most in New York, in 1882, and the publication in that city of the *Freiheit*, the metropolis and the adjacent city of Brooklyn have been the scene of continuous and almost uninterrupted agitation. After the Pittsburg Congress, in 1883, groups of the International were formed in both cities, and many meetings were held for the purpose of propaganda. The publication of the *Freiheit*, and the energetic agitation of our German and Jewish comrades, acted as a continual spur to our English-speaking Anarchists, the movement rapidly gaining strength and influence. Public meetings were held from time to time, at which large quantities of Anarchist literature were distributed.

The first day of May, 1886, had been selected by the trades unions as the time for an attempt to inaugurate the eight-hour day, and our comrades were not slow to take advantage of this opportunity to spread the gospel of Anarchism. From the beginning of the year 1886 down to the fatal 4th of May of that year, meetings and demonstrations of all kinds took place all over the country, the city of Chicago being in a constant state of agitation. Then came the climax: the 4th of May; the fatal bomb with its accompanying slaughter; the arrest of our Chicago comrades; the voluntary surrender of Albert Parsons, the farcical trial, conviction and sentence; the long months of waiting for the final decision; the rulings of the State and United States Supreme Courts, and the final fatal end. All this has been told before, and but mere mention of it can be made here.

After the Haymarket troubles in Chicago, the Anarchist movement in New York and adjacent cities grew stronger than ever. On July 14th, 1888, the *Alarm*, which had been suspended since the issue published in Chicago on the 8th day of April of that year, was again launched to do valiant service for the radical cause, with Comrade Dyer D. Lum at the editorial helm. Strenuous efforts were made to keep the paper alive, but owing principally to the great expense of publication, it was found impossible to do so, and the paper was indefinitely

suspended about eight months after the first issue appeared in New York. Early in 1893, *Solidarity*, a semi-monthly paper, published in the English language, was started, with Savario Merlino as editor. Comrade Merlino had but recently arrived in the United States and had already made a propaganda tour, traveling as far West as St. Louis. The paper had then but a few months' existence, but was again brought out in January, 1894. John E. Edelman was selected as editor, but owing to lack of adequate support, *Solidarity* was again compelled to suspend, the last issue appearing in April, 1895.

Several other journals, in the Jewish and German languages, have been published in New York between 1883 and 1900, among them being *The Anarchist, Brandfackel, Sturmvogel,* and *Zukunft.*

Groups were formed in Jersey City, Newark and Patterson, our Italian comrades being particularly strong and aggressive in the last-named cities. About twelve years ago *La Questione Sociale,* a paper published in the Italian language, was brought into existence, and this publication still continues. The Italian radicals have for several years been very active, and through the efforts of the Italian groups the writings of Kropotkin, Jean Grave, Malatesta, Morris and others have been translated and published in the Italian language and distributed throughout the entire country.

During the great Homestead strike, in July, 1892, thousands of leaflets were distributed among the strikers at Homestead, Pa., by Henry Bauer and others, and for this bold work H. Bauer and C. Nold were sent to prison. In the year 1891 another group was formed in Allegheny, with fifteen members; but after the attempt by comrade Alexander Berkman upon the life of the millionaire Frick, who was responsible for the Homestead strike, this group was dissolved. Alexander Berkman, of New York City, arrived in Pittsburg July 14th, 1892; on the 23rd of that month he shot Frick in the latter's business office. After spending eight weeks in the county jail, he was tried and sentenced to twenty-two years in prison, in the Western Penitentiary at Allegheny City. Carl Nold and Henry Bauer were arrested a few days later for alleged complicity in this attempt, and sentenced to the same penitentiary for four years each on

that indictment, and one year additional for distributing radical literature at Homestead.

On the heels of the Homestead strike followed the industrial crisis of 1893. Thousands of unemployed crowded the streets of our cities, and considerable Anarchist agitation was done, especially in the East. The propaganda culminated in comrades Emma Goldman and Claus Timmerman being condemned to prison, in 1893, for "inciting to riot"; the former was sentenced to one year, the latter to six months, to the New York Penitentiary.

No less active was our agitation in the West. During the years 1892 and 1893 our comrades in Oregon and nearby States did good work, distributing literature and organizing meetings whenever possible. In 1894 the Portland Anarchists took advantage of the movement which was then at its height, to agitate for Anarchy; Henry Addis, Charles Doering and Morris were particularly active. In January, 1895, the starting of an Anarchist paper was proposed and soon decided upon. The first number of the new publication, *The Firebrand*, was issued on January 27th, 1895, by the efforts of comrades Addis, Morris, Doering and the Isaak family. The first six months of the paper's existence were stormy and exceedingly difficult. Addis went on an agitation trip northward, into the State of Washington, in order to get subscribers and to secure support for the struggling paper. Several times the active workers of the paper were obliged to leave the city to work in the hop fields, in order to earn money to continue the publication. Great credit is due to comrade Mary Isaak for her heroism and devotion in assisting to keep the paper afloat. In the autumn of 1897, Henry Addis, the Isaaks and Abner Pope were arrested on the charge of mailing "obscene" literature, and number 34 of *The Firebrand* was confiscated by the postal authorities. H. Addis and A. Isaak, Sr., were soon released on bail; Pope refused to recognize the authority of the courts in any manner and would not accept his release even when the bail was reduced to a nominal sum, with the privilege of going on his own recognizance; he preferred to serve his four months in jail. The paper was shortly afterwards removed to San Francisco, where it was issued

under the name of *Free Society*. Subsequently moved to Chicago and thence to New York, *Free Society* finally succumbed in 1903, after an unusually hard struggle against adverse conditions.

The comrades of Boston, Massachusets, about this time formed a printing association and for a while issued the *Rebel*, a monthly magazine, H. M. Kelly, publisher. The first number came out in September, 1905; unfortunately, however, only six issues appeared.

Another Anarchist paper was started in the latter part of 1898, under the name of *Discontent*. It was published at Home, State of Washington, a beautiful place on Puget Sound, where some free spirits built a colony distinctly Anarchistic in character. This paper is still in existence under the name of the *Demonstrator*, having recently fused with the *Emancipator*, a revolutionary sheet of San Francisco. The Home Colony is a complete success, demonstrating the practicability of men and women living free and independent lives, minus laws, jails, and authority.

(To be continued.)

ANARCHISM AND ANTI-MILITARISM ON TRIAL

(Paris Correspondence.)

I am almost inclined to think that it is a pleasure to be a revolutionist or an Anarchist in Paris. They have, so to speak, "good standing in society." Not, of course, the kind of standing the man has who pays his rent regularly, but as one who has bravely fought many battles, regardless of danger and wounds, and has therefore gained so great a respect that nobody dares to treat him like a beast, as the police and other authorities in the United States usually treat the Anarchists.

Last week I witnessed the court proceedings in the case of nine young Parisian Anarchists, who were indicted for having written and distributed amongst soldiers an anti-militaristic circular in which "violent language" was used.

I was sorry for the American citizen: I remembered very vividly how brutally those New York comrades were treated who were arrested last fall in connection with the Czolgosz meetings. There are, no doubt, many refined and sensitive Americans amongst the stupid multitude of "desirable citizens." If one of them had witnessed the proceedings in the Parisian court, he would have shed tears of regret that he was born in the "beloved free country."

The difference in the treatment of Anarchists in the American and the French courts is astounding—especially would the American judges and State attorneys find it so. In the American courts the Anarchist is an outcast, a criminal pure and simple. He is looked upon as a degenerate, whom society and government must get rid of at all costs.

In the Parisian court the Anarchist stands as a militant representative of a grand and noble idea. He is not at all a mere object, a soulless creature that has meekly to stand aside when the judges, jurors and lawyers indulge in their stale "law and order" trickery. He is the accused, but he is also the accuser.

During the two days of the trial the defendants remained the centre of interest. Freely and vigorously, without interruption from the bench, they gave voice to their deep hatred of militarism, branding it as wholesale slaughter and murder; they spoke in the most disdainful terms of the 'glory of the country,' of the famous grand marshals and generals of France. "Militarism is the bloodhound of capitalism, and we, as workingmen and Anarchists, are determined to energetically combat and finally destroy it. We laugh at your justice, your patriotism, your 'robe rouge.' (In France the judges and State attorneys wear red robes.) It's true you still have the power to send us to prison, but upon our return we shall begin the fight anew, till your wretched society, your rotten patriotism and militarism are destroyed." That was the refrain of the speeches the comrades delivered before the court. It harmonized with the contents of the circular that was the original cause of the arrests. The leaflet contained the following passage: "On the day when the revolutionists will get hold of the 'pillars of society,' they will shoot them without delay."

How the Garys, Goffs and Rosalskys of America would have jumped from their blood-stained seats, had they heard such language, publicly used before their own sacred dignity! No doubt they would have shouted: "Contempt of court! Off with the fellows to the darkest cell!"

How pale you look, messieurs. Is it really true that you and your kind are employed in the slaughter houses, wherein justice and humanity are murdered?

In Paris the Anarchists at the bar were respectfully listened to by the court, jury and audience. One comrade, momentarily excited, paused a few seconds; the president, judge and prosecuting attorney waited in silence until the speaker had recovered his composure.

After the defendants had spoken, the witnesses were called. Again a revolutionary anti-militarist demonstration! Charles Malato, the author of the article on Mateo Morral and his act, published in this issue of MOTHER EARTH, Monoré and two other comrades connected with the syndicalistic movement (whose names I cannot recollect), had very little to say, so far as the juristic point of view is concerned. But they had much to say about the righteousness and the revolutionary spirit of the anti-militarist movement. They, too, spoke like aggressive propagandists. No apology was made. It was not argued that the defendants were young, hot-headed and inexperienced, that they would grow more practical and sedate with age. I well remember the attitude of the "old comrades" of New York, on the occasion of the arrest of several young comrades, who had dared to express their opinion as to the motives that prompted Czolgosz to shoot McKinley.

The revolutions of France may have failed to bless mankind with the great, positive results one could have desired, but they have destroyed forever that unmoveable conservative spirit which means death to progress,—that attitude which maintains that the conditions of to-day will last forever.

The Frenchmen gained from their revolutions the knowledge and conviction that everything in society is changeable and is doomed to make place for a new life,—yes, that even the holiest mummies and institutions must fall.

The witnesses were followed by the prosecuting attorney, who spoke in the smooth manner of a comedian. His address, though cynical, was free from personal malice; it was the speech of the official, interested in the continuance of government and capitalism. Thus ran his argument: "You have to send these people to prison, because they are a danger to the government, to patriotism and exploitation, to the good things we, officials and bourgeois, draw our salaries and income from."

Our indicted comrades showed little awe for the importance of the prosecutor; they repeatedly interrupted his speech with ironical and satirical remarks,—again no case of contempt of court.

Gustave Hervé and Urbain Gohier were the attorneys for the defense. Hervé, editor of *La Guerre Sociale* (The Social War), is at present the foremost exponent of the anti-militarist movement in France. Urbain Gohier is well known as a distinguished writer and revolutionist.

After a two-hours' session the jury rendered their verdict—guilty. However, an exception was made in the case of Henriette Roussel, a comrade who is connected with the *Universite Populaire.* Brave Henriette protested energetically against this exception, on the grounds that she cherished the same opinions and had committed the same "crime" as the others. A beautiful example of "solidarity among criminals."

On the charge of having incited to disobedience and mutiny, the comrades received the following sentences: Goldsky, Ruff, and Molinier, three years prison and one hundred francs fine, each; L. Paris, two years and one hundred francs; Moucheboeuf, Josse, and Tafforeau, 15 months and one hundred francs, each; Picardat and Mahé, being very young, were sent to the reformatory.

It will be interesting to the readers to know that our comrades come under the category of political prisoners —something unknown in "free" America. They have the right to see visitors every day, read papers and books, exercise four hours daily; they receive good food, not to be compared with the slush served on Blackwell's Island.

Before being led away, the prisoners were given an opportunity to say something. Tafforeau remarked: "I have expected nothing else from the jury."

Mahé: "I did what I considered right!"

Paris: "What else could one expect of them!"

Molinier: "I am happy the jury used its power while it lasts; we shall profit by it; when we will have the power, we, too, shall know how to use it."

Moucheboeuf: "It is the verdict of imbeciles."

Goldsky: "Gentlemen, you are speeding the revolution; continue, you are doing our work."

With the joint cry: "Hurrah for Anarchy! Down with the army! Long live the Social Revolution!" our brave boys were led away.

MAX BAGINSKI.

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POLICE METHODS

By STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

E. ARMAND, the editor of *L'Ère Nouvelle*, writes to me from a Paris jail. He has been arrested on the charge of uttering counterfeit money. The evidence against him, aside from a probably malicious denunciation, is said to consist of one counterfeit coin, found by searching his room in his absence. What he feels worst over, however, is that all his books and papers have been seized. Apparently, he thinks it will be harder to get these back than to get acquitted on the charge of counterfeiting. I think so, too.

It reminds me of the time when Alexander Horr was arrested in New York. Not being a habitual criminal, he did not know that the police would hold as evidence whatever they found in his pockets; so the police got everything that was in his pockets in the ordinary course of things, his keys, (part of which were not his own property, but belonged to the landlord, on whose premises the Freeland Central Association did its printing), his proof-sheets, and I don't know what else. The Freeland concern had been doing a little typefounding, and Horr had in his pocket six or seven proofs of type sold—merely AAAAA and so on, BBBBB and so on, as type is sold, half a dozen wide galleys. I, as the firm's business agent, in Horr's absence, wanted to get hold of those proofs and measure the number of inches, so that I could make out a bill and collect the money. The

police sergeant, to whom I applied in Fifth Street, was very willing to tell me that I couldn't see those proofs, that I couldn't even measure the number of inches, and that he and the police force did not desire to be told my opinion as to whether this was reasonable or not; but he was not gracious enough to tell me that I had come to the wrong office and that he had properly nothing to say about it, the goods being in Mulberry Street. I made up my mind later, that when next time a police sergeant used such recklessly over-bearing language to me across his desk, I would infer that he was irresponsible in the matter, and would ask him to direct me to the man who had really something to do with the business.

When Horr was finally tried and sentenced, I heard that I could now get the goods; but his lawyers told me it would be more trouble than was worth while, unless there was something that I specially cared about. But I did want those proofs, and the key that belonged to the other man, and I went at the job. It took me half a day, for the Mulberry Street man had his red tape tied up good and tight; he would not give me the goods on the strength of my signature as Horr's attorney. Backed by the exhibition of a power of attorney whose validity he acknowledged,—though he was legally bound to give them to me on those terms, or else I know less about a power of attorney than I think I do,—but insisted that either he must have my power of attorney to keep, or else I must bring an order for the delivery of the goods, signed by Horr's own hand. I had to get into the Tombs—and out again—twice, outside of regular hours, before I could get the papers. One key I failed to get. It was one of the most elaborately designed keys I ever saw, the bit having narrow side-pieces that turned and ran back. The elaborateness and delicacy of the pattern struck the eye of the policeman in charge, and he declared it to be a "regular pick" that would open almost any door. He got another policeman by his side to agree with him that the thing was a skeleton key, and on this ground he refused to give it up. As I suppose most of my readers are no more familiar with skeleton keys than I was at that time, let me explain that a skeleton key is necessarily *simple* in pattern. When a key is elaborately designed, or has any bars of metal running

in a way in which the metal of ordinary keys does not go, it proves that that key was made to fit a *particular* lock, and not for the work of a skeleton key. But these two policemen, speaking as experts in burglars' tools, decided that this chamber-key of Horr's was a skeleton key, and I had to leave it there. By the way, Horr was not imprisoned for burglary or theft, or for anything in which a skeleton key could be useful; and nothing in the evidence or the allegations had tended to cast upon him any suspicion of being dishonest to pick anybody's lock.

I wonder if it is the ordinary custom in France to seize a man's library when you arrest him for counterfeiting. I strongly suspect that if Armand had kept clear of the Anarchist and anti-militarist agitation, he would never have been arrested as a counterfeiter; or, at the very least, that his library would have been spared.

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MATEO MORRAL

ON the anniversary of Morral's attempt on the Spanish King's life at the wedding procession, our French comrade, Charles Malato, thus characterized the man and the deed:

"Among the revolutionists, martyred for their ideals, Mateo Morral, in the course of the year 1906, gained a worthy place beside Zheliabov, Sophie Perovskaia and Bresci.

Like these he aimed high, at the very top.

Convinced that the propaganda, to be productive of results, must be carried on by means of revolutionary acts, in any form except the irrational, he set an example by flinging down his own life in exchange for the life of Alfonso XIII., the personification of the Spanish monarchy and the Inquisition.

Mateo Morral, son of a wealthy cloth manufacturer in the little industrial town of Sabadell, knew well the misery of the workers, and his noble soul revolted at the thought that the riches of the privileged—to whom he belonged—were accumulated through the sufferings of the workingmen. Highly educated, commanding several languages, possessed of indefatigable energy and courage (of which he gave ample proof), he left the ranks of the

bourgeoisie, whose egoism exasperated him, to engage in the struggle for the liberation of the proletariat.

Assuredly, he had no illusions; he had seen his father's employees at close range; he knew their moral shortcomings and intellectual narrowness, the unavoidable consequences of wage-slavery. Ignorance, rudeness, brutality or abject slavishness, almost total lack of initiative and of general, clear and practical ideas,—these picture, even to-day, the mental state of the masses, who oscillate between the activity of the advanced, who lead toward a better Future, and the opposing reactionary forces that strive to hold them in the bondage of the Past.

Modern workers, who are but cannon food and beasts of burden, like the slaves of antiquity, cannot be noble, pure, irreproachable and of good parts in a society that keeps them in subjection.

Yet, although now they are degraded and miserable, their lives could be made beautiful and happy, were the conditions different. Freedom and affluence for all! If it be true, as most of the Neo-Malthusians maintain, that the production of to-day provides for all, is it not an additional reason why the producers of wealth should be the first to enjoy it, while the idlers—if any survive—shall be left to shift for themselves?

Morral was the descendant of a republican family, that, in bourgeois fashion, educated its daughters in convents, and enriched itself by fleecing the workingmen. The young man perceived that republicanism would alter nothing but the form, leaving all the evils unmitigated. He realized the necessity of a complete social transformation through the spirit of equality; a regeneration of society that would promote the free development of the individual; a new life of light and harmony, based on free co-operation and the common ownership of the means of production.

Morral's Anarchism was fundamentally different from that decadent Individualism, which, thoroughly permeated by the reactionary spirit, would introduce new repressions, would fain annihilate the revolutionary Anarchists, and lead to the re-establishment of an aristocracy,—a so-called spiritual aristocracy.

Morral, who was neither lost in the mists of metaphysics, nor sunk in drawing-room Anarchism, sought for

practical means to realize the social reformation. He perceived that, above all, the revolution must have an economic character if it is not to betray again the interests of the masses in favor of new rulers. He could not fail to understand that organization and direct action on the part of the workers were necessary conditions of the economic revolution.

He devoted himself entirely to the education and organization of the masses. He spared neither effort nor money in the work of organization and enlightenment; he often contributed to the Spanish Anarchist papers translations from the *Voix du Peuple*, to acquaint the workingmen with practical action and to urge them to join the international labor movement. He preached the prevention of conception and free motherhood—a new and bold language in Spain: he believed that the disinherited should avoid breeding unfortunate beings, whom they could not bring up properly, and who subsequently became the easy prey of the factory, the barracks and the brothel. Yet he never maintained, as the bourgeois Neo-Malthusians did, that there should be a cessation of revolutionary activity, and that from the simple numerical diminution higher wages would result, leaving existing institutions intact.

He believed neither in parliamentarism nor in politics —otherwise, could he have been an Anarchist? Yet he did not commit the error, into which so many comrades have fallen, who, confounding with the parliamentary politics of a bourgeois régime all phenomena of a political nature, deny the effect of the latter in the economical, moral and social domains. For example, there were numerous Anarchists, who, during the Russo-Japanese conflict, contented themselves with platonic and theoretical declamations against the war, as such, without foreseeing the immense impulse which the defeat of the Tsar's forces must give to the Russian Revolution.

The habit of soaring in the clouds of speculative philosophy produced this state of mind, which could but lead to impotence.

Morral himself, who was well versed in the economic and political situation in Spain, thought that the death of a young monarch, without issue, would cause turmoil and confusion, during which a social revolution might

break out in Catalonia. Doubtless, such revolution would have exhibited quite incompatible elements, but this is the fate of all great and profound popular upheavals.

It would be insipid to recount all the sophisms, falsely called humane, which are quoted by the bourgeois—and even by republicans—against regicide. The republicans who glorify Harmodius, Aristogeiton, Brutus, Wilhelm Tell; who, in their history, enlarge upon the beheading of Charles Stuart and Louis Capet, the execution of Maximilian in the tombs of Queretaro, the eighteen attempts on Louis-Philippe, the infernal machine of Fieschi, Orsini's attempt on Napoleon III.; who celebrated in verse —at a distance, to be sure—the announced assassination of Napoleon by Victor Hugo; they, the republicans, should moderate the vehemence of their official indignation against regicides.

As to Alfonso XIII., personally, it may be remembered that this young man, brought up by a fanatical mother, by the worthy father Montana and by Canovas del Castillo, never displayed a ray of intelligence or a touch of human feeling. Every year of his reign was marked by killings and executions. "He was so young," pleaded the outspoken monarchists, as well as the monarchized republicans. I beg to differ; when the shooting of peaceful strikers at Alcala del Valle took place, followed by terrible torturing of workingmen and long prison terms, Alfonso XIII. was almost eighteen years old,—an age at which the sons of the poor are ruthlessly punished by the law, whenever they commit the slightest offense. He was found mature enough to rule eighteen million people, and to lord over them as he pleased. Juan Codina was but sixteen years old when he was tortured and shot for the attempt at Lico's Theatre, of which he was perfectly innocent, while the one responsible, Salvador French, was arrested later.

Morral did not long weigh in the balance the life of Alfonso XIII., the representative of the hostile class of monarchy, Inquisition, exploitation and slaughter, as against the great end to be attained.

Since 1903 Morral had been the friend of Francisco Ferrer, director of the Modern School of Barcelona.

This came about in the simplest manner. In his own

family the young Anarchist could observe the results of a clerical education. Two of his sisters had been brought up in a convent. Not wishing that his third sister, then but seven years old, should become a mere doll, capable only of muttering paternosters and wearing jewelry, he took little Adelina to the Modern School and instructed the director to educate her as modestly as a workingman's daughter, developing the youthful mind. Hereafter he came frequently to visit the child.

Ferrer, passionately devoted to the rational education of the children of Barcelona, and himself living most frugally until suddenly enriched by an unexpected bequest of a former pupil, was a man who understood and valued Morral. A bookstore was added to the Modern School, which published exclusively pedagogical and philosophical works. Reclus, Letourneau, Naquet, Stakelberg, were translated for publication. Morral, a genuine polyglot, offered his services for these translations; he was gladly accepted. Soon after he assumed the actual management of the publishing department, while Ferrer bent all his energies to founding rational schools throughout Catalonia.

Morral, who was naturally reserved, had imparted to his friend nothing about the project that was ripening in his mind of the deed that might have ushered in the social revolution. Under the plea of fatigue he suddenly disappeared from the school.

The rest is known. Arriving in Madrid shortly before the commencement of the festivities attending the royal wedding, Morral forthwith proceeded to carry out his project. Wishing to strike the royal couple only—or, at most, the uninteresting troop of court sycophants—he originally chose the cathedral where the wedding ceremony was to be performed, as the place for action.

Under the guise of a German journalist—he knew German perfectly—he tried to procure a card of admission to the cathedral; in this he failed, however: the police were fearful of an attempt. Evidently the authorities felt that the official merry-making was a brazen defiance in view of the public misery, famine, shootings, tortures and executions. Then Morral determined to throw his bomb at the royal carriage on its return to the castle.

He hired a room in a hotel on Calle Mayor, through which street the procession was to pass.

At noon, on the 31st of May, Alfonso XIII. and the practical princess Ena von Battenberg, who had just changed her religion to espouse a throne and a civil list, came up in triumph. They were lustily cheered by the idiotic rabble of monarchists and the good *populo*, that eternal supporter of its hangmen; then there came a veritable shower of flowers amid the frenzied shouts: "Viva el rey! Viva la reyna!"

Suddenly a crash resounded through the air, drowning the noise of the jubilations. Morral, too, flung a bouquet, but it held a bomb. In falling, the bomb struck an electric wire strung for the illumination of the street. This caused the bomb to deflect a few centimeters. Were it not for this mishap, the King of Spain would have been blown to pieces, and the throne vacant.

The apotheosis of the royal pair turned into indescribable confusion. Twenty dead and about one hundred wounded sprawled on the pavement; Alfonso XIII. and his young spouse, who were unhurt,—the priests hastened to declare it a miracle of Providence—fled to the palace, forced to abandon their carriage, the horses having been slain. Fortunately, there was not a single victim belonging to the working class. With the exception of the little daughter of a marchioness—obviously not responsible for the crimes of her caste—all the dead were enemies of the people: noblemen, court-toadies, officers and soldiers. True, the soldiers are for the most part sons of toilers, but that does not hinder them from shooting down workingmen at the behest of their masters.

Thanks to his self-possession, Morral succeeded in leaving the hotel during the general hubbub. He went directly to the office of the republican paper, *El Motin,* and inquired for the publisher, José Nakens.

Nakens, a typical old Jacobin and irreconcilable anticlericalist, is an honorable man. He has, however, always antagonized the Anarchists, whose broad views of life disconcerted him. Had he known of the attempt beforehand, he would have doubtlessly discountenanced and opposed it. Nevertheless, he now thought it his duty to save his political antagonist, who thus confided in him.

He took Morral to the house of a friend, a republican by the name of Mata, who was ignorant of the identity of his guest.

The next day Morral departed in disguise. But an alarm had been sent throughout the country. At Torrgon, where Morral stopped for breakfast, the innkeeper grew suspicious of him, denounced him to the constable Vega and rushed to inform the magistrate. To serve one's king and at the same time obtain a reward—what good fortune!

Vega questioned Morral, who, unabashed, volunteered to go with him to the telegraph office. On the way the Anarchist suddenly drew a revolver and resolutely shot the policeman through the head.

Morral could have easily escaped. He was a hundred yards from the crowd at the inn, and his revolver contained five bullets. But a bitter feeling filled his heart. Was he to claim more victims, and this time not toadies and royal footmen, but ignorant, deluded peasants, who lent a helping hand to the authorities? And he, who did not hesitate to fling a bomb at the king, queen and the festive official mob, at this juncture preferred to die rather than to slay those for whom he had struggled.

A shot through the heart ended his life.

Death saved Morral from the torture of the Spanish inquisitors. But they wreaked their vengeance on Ferrer, though he had had nothing to do with the attempt. He was arrested, treated as a convicted murderer and robbed of the fortune which he was using for the liberation of the intellect. Amidst the triumphant outcries of the Jesuits, Ferrer's educational work was annihilated.

Nevertheless, the days of the Spanish monarchy are numbered. The people, in their revolutionary awakening, will sweep it off the earth. They will not again set up a republic of politicians and generals, as was done thirty-three years ago. The workers, conscious of their strength, will have their will, and they will know how to maintain their victories."

LABOR ON PARADE

(*Denver Correspondence.*)

THERE are ten thousand men in line. In all this army of workmen I see only three who wear beards, and not over a dozen whom I can safely assume to be over fifty years of age. So far as the laboring man is concerned, Dr. Osler need have no fears about the troublesome old folks. Without the ostentation and fuss of a formal sending-off, they are quietly pushed aside to starve or to resume a final desperate struggle for self-preservation.

This cheaper process of eliminating superfluous humanity has the additional recommendation of leaving undisturbed that sense of propriety which everywhere characterizes our very charitable and Christian civilization.

If a lingering germ of filial affection dwells here and there in the breast of one of the younger generation, he is a veritable Aeneas bearing the old Anchises burden upon his back—with this difference: the modern Aeneas will never be honored in song and story.

The wage-earner must needs be practical. He knows too well how unpardonable a folly it is to attempt the competitive struggle with sentimental millstones about his neck. True, he forms family ties of his own, but much on the principle of the little girl who decided to believe in God because, "If you don't, who *can* you pray to?"

There are at least fifteen hundred carpenters and joiners and millmen on parade. These men handle all the lumber that goes into the buildings of this great, growing city. Why does the thought cause my eyes to blur, and why do I feel the clutch at my throat? The laboring man never indulges in such emotions about himself. He is wholly unconscious of his heroism. He simply works. He is apt to be unmoved by the dignity of labor—even labor on parade. These uniforms the unions voted and paid for. Why, indeed, do the men parade to-day? Is it to show labor's strength and to glory in it, or is it to escape the five dollar fine that the union will impose?

The electrical workers—the linemen and inside wiremen—number not less than five hundred. These men

illuminate the city (non-union electrical workers have little or no prestige in Denver). They string the wires that make it possible for me to order my groceries from a down-town store without leaving my house, to make an appointment with my dentist, to chat with my friend across the city. I am directly indebted to these men for these privileges.

Conveniences that were once considered luxuries, we now reckon necessities. The telegraphers have recently awakened the whole country to a realization of this fact. The Denver Chamber of Commerce petitioned—rather *demanded*—the Western Union Company to come to some terms with the striking telegraphers and "end an intolerable condition."

As I watch the Labor Day parade, these thoughts and many others pass in rapid succession through my brain. I get a glimpse of Haywood in the crowd (with characteristic modesty he does not parade, and no one pays any attention to him or seems to know who he is) and my mind reverts to the recent trial at Boise that aroused the interest of the entire labor movement and the verdict that surprised us all. Why am I despondent? Did I forget for a moment the significance of that great and glorious victory? What stronger evidence do we need to be convinced of the rapid strides of labor since '86.

Labor has awakened! True, there is much to be desired, but much also has already been attained. The political juggling of the Gompers and Mitchells, the dogmatic governmentalism of local officials, will continue to annoy and disgust; but these grievances from labor's nearest and subtlest foes are insufficient to make us despair. We shall continue to be dissatisfied with Labor Days that are *granted* by governmental clemency, and shall look to the time when the laboring man shall *take* a day for himself that shall in no sense represent a political bribe; when voluntary co-operation shall bind men more effectually than five dollar fines and union governmentalism.

With this vision in view, we honor the laboring man for what he has attained, and we rejoice in the recent splendid manifestation of his strength and solidarity.

Lillian Browne-Thayer.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FERDINAND EARLE

By Leonard D. Abbott.

DURING the past month the yellow press of America has fairly shrieked with the name of Ferdinand Earle, and his private affairs have been discussed from one end of the country to the other. The hubbub has all been due to the fact that he has separated from his wife and child, and openly avows his love for another woman. For this heinous offense against conventional morals he has endured a kind of crucifixion. He has been mobbed by his fellow-townsmen at Monroe, satirized by cartoonists, and viciously attacked by editorial writers. The press has done everything in its power to foster the impression that he is a monster in human form. But those of us who know him intimately know that he is a singularly gifted and pure-spirited man.

The first time I met Ferdinand Earle was at Normandie-by-the-Sea. He had been painting by moonlight. The palette was still in his hand, and he showed me, with pride, an exquisite little picture that he had just finished.

Later, when I visited him at his home in Monroe, I found that he had studied under Whistler and Bouguereau, in Paris, and was an artist of great talent. He is also a poet and a musician.

I have known many remarkable men, but none more remarkable than Ferdinand Earle. He might pose for a Christ—his head is so noble—and people in the street turn to look at him as he passes. His physique does not belie his temperament. One could not be with him an hour without feeling the heroic, the exalted, in his character. He is as gentle and sincere as a child.

His home at Monroe represents a unique experiment in romantic living. Up on a hill-top, two miles beyond the village, he built his eyrie. It is a landmark for miles around, wih its red roof and boulder-walls. It has some of the traits of a Moorish house, and a balcony or corridor runs under the eaves, commanding superb views over the whole countryside. I have memories of rising

at dawn and looking out from that wonder-castle over a landscape veiled by drifting clouds.

The studio in which he works is a spacious room, hung with Oriental tapestries and decorated by trophies from Venice, Egypt and Spain. One of the upper rooms is devoted to Rembrandt; another to the Japanese master, Hokusai; and Michel Angelo's sibyls and seers flank the stairway. It is an inspiration merely to pass through that house.

When I first met Earle he needed something essential. He himself could not have told what it was. He had money, talent, all that the world counts good fortune. He had traveled in many lands. But he was intellectually isolated and restless. He had no vital relation to the world of men. In a word, he lacked a social philosophy. His was too great a nature to rest content with the average artist's narrow life. He felt it a degradation to paint for rich men and to cater to bourgeois tastes. I lent him the books of Morris, Carpenter, Gorki, Wilde. He was already a worshiper of Shelley, Whitman and Wagner. He became a Socialist almost before I realized what had happened.

Earle never does anything by halves. When he embraced Socialism he went into it heart and soul. He suggested a public meeting in his studio. I gladly cooperated, and invited John Spargo to come out from New York as the speaker. The meeting was a great success, and I shall never forget the sight of those village store-keepers and farmers and workingmen, with their wives and daughters, listening to the Socialist gospel in that strange and beautiful environment.

A few months later we arranged a second meeting in the village. The chief speakers were J. G. Phelps Stokes and Rose Pastor Stokes. For days in advance Earle scoured the countryside, distributing circulars. He wrote a revolutionary poem for the occasion and set it to music of his own composing. He also painted a number of posters and had them displayed in the stores. One of them is still in my possession, showing the herald-angels of Socialism blowing their trumpets over benighted Monroe. The meeting was attended by hundreds of people, and stirred the whole country.

Earle had married while in France. His wife was a

woman of the Gallic type, graceful and delicate, and for a while they seemed well matched. They had one baby, a sunny little fellow. But as the years passed, there developed a more and more marked incompatibility between the two. Earle was difficult to live with, because of his changing moods and ultra-sensitiveness, and Mrs. Earle had never grown accustomed to America. It always seemed to her a strange country; and she was rather lonely and unhappy. They began to talk of a separation.

During the course of a journey to Europe Earle met a woman who drew him to her as a magnet—a woman in whose companionship he seemed to "find" himself more completely than in that of any other being he had ever known. She shared his every ideal and appealed to all that was highest in him. He wrote to his wife, telling her of his new friend and his new happiness—why should he not?—and Mrs. Earle welcomed the situation as affording a way of release for herself.

With childlike candor Earle brought his new friend to his young wife. The two women cordially and genuinely liked one another. For a few days the three lived amicably under one roof—and why should they not? But Mrs. Earle no longer cared to remain in America. Her desire now was to return as quickly as possible to her parents in Paris, and to take her boy with her. Earle is a loving father, and he could not bear to be separated from his child. But he holds that in times of separation the child belongs to the mother. Many conflicting emotions mingled in his farewell greeting to his wife and boy, as he sped them on their way across the ocean. It was his wish, he said, that they might often meet again, and he hoped that the boy would return to America, if only for a visit, when he grew older. He made ample financial provision for both mother and boy.

It was on the day before the sailing that the mad whirlwind of notoriety burst over the heads of Earle and his two woman-friends. Little did they realize, these three child-people, these three honest souls, what a demoniac beast the American newspaper is!

The storm has almost spent itself. Earle has been tormented, and people seem to feel that conventional

morality has had another glorious vindication. But I, for my part, can only wonder at the spiritual temper of an age that sets the stamp of its approval on coarse and sordid money-grubbers and that crucifies men like Ferdinand Earle.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE CHAIN GANG

IT is far, far down in the southland, and I am back again, thanks be, in the land of wind and snow, where life lives. But that was in the days when I was a wretched thing, that crept and crawled, and shrunk when the wind blew, and feared the snow. So they sent me away down there to the world of sun, where the wind and snow are afraid. And the sun was kind to me, and the soft air that does not move, lay around me like folds of down, and the poor creeping life in me winked in the light and stared out at the wide caressing air; stared away to the north, to the land of wind and rain, where my heart was,— my heart that would be at home.

Yes, there, in the tender south, my heart was bitter and bowed for the love of the singing wind and the frost whose edge was death,—bitter and bowed for the strength to bear that was gone, and the strength to love that abode. Day after day I climbed the hills with my face to the north and home. And there, on those southern heights, where the air was resin and balm, there smote on my ears the sound that all the wind of the north can never sing down again, the sound I shall hear till I stand at the door of the last silence.

Cling—clang—cling— From the Georgian hills it sounds; and the snow and the storm cannot drown it,— the far-off, terrible music of the Chain Gang.

I met it there on the road, face to face, with all the light of the sun upon it. Do you know what it is? Do you know that every day men run in long procession, upon the road they build for others' safe and easy going, bound to a chain? And that other men, with guns upon their shoulders, ride beside them? with orders to kill if the living links break? There it stretched before me, a serpent of human bodies, bound to the iron and wrapped in the merciless folds of justified cruelty.

Clank—clink—clank— There was an order given. The living chain divided; groups fell to work upon the road; and then I saw and heard a miracle.

Have you ever, out of a drowsy, lazy conviction that all knowledges, all arts, all dreams, are only patient sums of many toils of many millions dead and living, suddenly started into an uncanny consciousness that knowledges and arts and dreams are things more real than any living being ever was, which suddenly reveal themselves, unasked and unawaited, in the most obscure corners of soul-life, flashing out in prismatic glory to dazzle and shock all your security of thought, toppling it with vague questions of what *is* reality, that you cannot silence? When you hear that an untaught child is able, he knows not how, to do the works of the magicians of mathematics, has it never seemed to you that suddenly all books were swept away, and there before you stood a superb, sphynx-like creation, Mathematics itself, posing problems to men whose eyes are cast down, and all at once, out of whim, incorporating itself in that wide-eyed, mysterious child? Have you ever felt that all the works of the masters were swept aside in the burst of a singing voice, unconscious that it sings, and that Music itself, a master-presence, has entered the throat and sung?

No, you have never felt it? But you have never heard the Chain Gang sing!

Their faces were black and brutal and hopeless; their brows were low, their jaws were heavy, their eyes were hard; three hundred years of the scorn that brands had burned its scar upon the face and form of Ignorance,—Ignorance that had sought dully, stupidly, blindly, and been answered with that pitiless brand. But wide beyond the limits of high man and his little scorn, the great, sweet old Music-Soul, the chords of the World, smote through the black man's fibre in the days of the making of men; and it sings, it sings, with its ever-thrumming strings, through all the voices of the Chain Gang. And never one so low that it does not fill with the humming vibrancy that quivers and bursts out singing things always new and new and new.

I heard it that day.

The leader struck his pick into the earth, and for a

moment whistled like some wild, free, living flute in the forest. Then his voice floated out, like a low booming wind, crying an instant, and fell; there was the measure of a grave in the fall of it. Another voice rose up, and lifted the dead note aloft, like a mourner raising his beloved with a kiss. It drifted away to the hills and the sun. Then many voices rolled forward, like a great plunging wave, in a chorus never heard before, perhaps never again; for each man sung his own song as it came, yet all blent. The words were few, simple, filled with a great plaint; the wail of the sea was in it; and no man knew what his brother would sing, yet added his own without thought, as the rhythm swept on; and no voice knew what note its fellow voice would sing, yet they fell in one another as the billow falls in the trough or rolls to the crest, one upon the other, one within the other, over, under, all in the great wave; and now one led and others followed, then it dropped back and another swelled upward, and every voice was soloist and chorister, and never one seemed conscious of itself, but only to sing out the great song.

And always, as the voices rose and sank, the axes swung and fell. And the lean white face of the man with the gun looked on with a stolid, paralyzed smile.

Oh, that wild, sombre melody, that long, appealing plaint, with its hope laid beyond death,—that melody that was made only there, just now, before me, and passing away before me! If I could only seize it, hold it, stop it from passing! that all the world might hear the song of the Chain Gang! might know that here, in these red Georgian hills, convicts, black, brutal convicts, are making the music that is of no man's compelling, that floods like the tide and ebbs away like the tide, and will not be held—and is gone, far away and forever, out into the abyss where the voices of the centuries have drifted and are lost!

Something about Jesus, and a Lamp in the darkness —a gulfing darkness. Oh, in the mass of sunshine must they still cry for light? All around the sweep and the glory of shimmering ether, sun, sun, a world of sun, and these still calling for light! Sun for the road, sun for the stones, sun for the red clay—and no light for this dark

living clay? Only heat that burns and blaze that blinds, but does not lift the darkness!

"And lead me to that Lamp——"

The pathetic prayer for light went trembling away out into the luminous gulf of day, and the axes swung and fell; and the grim dry face of the man with the gun looked on with its frozen smile. "So long as they sing, they work," said the smile, still and ironical.

"A friend to them that's got no friend"—Man of Sorrows, lifted up upon Golgotha, in the day when the forces of the Law and the might of Social Order set you there, in the moment of your pain and desperate accusation against Heaven, when that piercing "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani?" went up to a deaf sky, did you presage this desolate appeal coming to you out of the unlived depths of nineteen hundred years?

Hopeless hope, that cries to the dead! Futile pleading that the cup may pass, while still the lips drink! For, as of old, Order and the Law, in shining helmets and gleaming spears, ringed round the felon of Golgotha, so stand they still in that lean, merciless figure, with its shouldered gun and passive smile. And the moan that died within the Place of Skulls is born again in this great dark cry rising up against the sun.

If but the living might hear it, not the dead! For these are dead who walk about with vengeance and despite within their hearts, and scorn for things dark and lowly, in the odor of self-righteousness, with self-vaunting wisdom in their souls, and pride of race, and iron-shod order, and the preservation of Things that Are; walking stones are these, that cannot hear. But the living are those who seek to know, who wot not of things lowly or things high, but only of things wonderful; and who turn sorrowfully from Things that Are, hoping for Things that May Be. If these should hear the Chain Gang chorus, seize it, make all the living hear it, see it!

If, from among themselves, one man might find "the Lamp," lift it up! Paint for all the world these Georgian hills, these red, sunburned roads, these toiling figures with their rhythmic axes, these brutal, unillumined faces, dull, groping, depth-covered,— and then unloose that song upon their ears, till they feel the smitten, quivering

hearts of the Sons of Music beating against their own; and under and over and around it, the chain that the dead have forged clinking between the heart-beats!

Clang—cling—clang—ng—. It is sundown. They are running over the red road now. The voices are silent; only the chain clinks.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

By SLOVAK.

RUSSIA.

The Anarchist idea is spreading, especially among the students and best organized workers, and everywhere one finds sympathizers and friends. During the last eighteen months the best works of foreign Anarchists have been translated, such as those by Bakunin, Kropotkin, Reclus, Malatesta, Nieuwenhuis, Sebastian Faure, Malato, etc., not excepting the anti-Marxist pamphlets of Tcherkesoff —all circulating in many editions. It is true the majority of this literature was prohibited three months ago and the police tried to sequestrate the works; but it was too late, and they reaped but a poor harvest. Under the influence of this literature Anarchist groups were formed in many places. The syndicalist movement on French lines, with their motto of direct action, is also spreading rapidly. A few months ago there was a congress of syndicalists; 152 delegates met from all parts of Russia and decided not to follow legal parliamentary tactics, but those founded on the revolutionary and economic basis of direct action. Certainly the syndicalists cannot be considered as purely Anarchist, but they do not hide their sympathy with Anarchism. Not only revolutionists, but the workers themselves state that the revolution has imposed Anarchist tactics upon them—no other will work under the pressure of government oppression. Even panegyrists of centralization—such as the Social Democrats—even these are now obliged to recognize the autonomy of groups and federations and the General Strike.

As regards the clergy in Russia, it is well to remember that they form a State establishment, having a revenue from the State of 28,000,000 roubles a year, in addition to their own tremendous riches in land, monasteries, church

and other buildings, while the thousands of monks form a regular Black bureaucracy. The latter, in fact, are the moving spirit of Pobiedonostseff's organization, the clerical secret police and inquisitors who work under the name of missionaries. It is doubtful if even in mediæval times the clergy had such power in Western Europe as they wield in Russia to-day. The oppression in Russian social and political life may be defined as a union of monks, spies and executioners.

SWITZERLAND.

The Canton of Geneva has by a majority of eight hundred votes decided in favor of separation of Church and State, which shows that libertarian waves from France are also flooding the stronghold of intolerant Calvinist puritanism that rivaled with the Dominicans (the dogs of the Lord!) by once burning Miguel Servet at the stake.

* * *

We are informed that a new fighter for revolutionary syndicalism is in the field, *L'Exploitée*, published by Marguerite Faas, 3 rue du Marché, Bern, in the interests of working women.

* * *

From Zurich we receive a valiant little libertarian monthly review, *Polis*, intended as a haven for unrooted intellectuals who abhor all brands of orthodoxy. Address Dr. Johannes Widmer, Leonhardstrasse 12, Zürich, Switzerland.

ITALY.

The syndicalists of Italy held a convention in Ferrara, the center of recent agrarian strikes. There were reported as represented twenty-five branches of the new Socialist youths' organizations, 55 syndicalist groups with 1,987 members, 38 party branches with 1,350 members, and 493 trades unions with 96,083 members.

This convention decided to sever connection with the political party and to keep affiliated with the "Confederazione del Lavoro," the Federation of Labor in Italy, whose seat is in Turin. They passed resolutions in favor of

anti-patriotism, anti-militarism and direct action, as the only means for the emancipation of the working class, and in favor of the publication of a syndicalist manifesto by comrades Leone and de Ambris. *La Questione Sociale,* of Paterson, N. J., claims that over one hundred thousand Italian proletarians were represented at said convention.

A smooth agent provocateur, having gained the confidence of the comrades of Milan, tried to railroad the editors of our contemporary, *La Protesta Umana,* to the gallows, by smuggling into the office of the paper a bomb, which was to be detected by a searching party of the police on the same day. Thanks to the attention of the janitress of the house, who reported having given the office key to the stranger during the absence of the editorial force, believing him to be a trusted friend, the bomb was found and destroyed by the comrades before it could do its service to the police.

The Yellow Press Gang is always ready to charge that the so-called "plots" to assassinate highly-placed personages are planned by a gang of extremists; and it is not to be wondered that they do so, since they get their information from the Sneak Department (otherwise called "the detective force"). The case of Pietro Acciarito in Italy, however, has lately brought to light some pretty doings of this ideal department in combination with the prison authorities.

This is what the London *Daily Chronicle's* correspondent in Rome says on the matter:

"Pietro Acciarito is suffering a life sentence for the attempted assassination of the late King Humbert in 1897. The police were altogether unwilling to believe that Acciarito was without accomplices. There was an utter lack of evidence, but in order to provide scapegoats for the offended national conscience, an abominable procedure is alleged to have been resorted to. Under pressure from the above-mentioned officials in the Central Department of Rome, Governor Angelelli, of the Santo Stefano Penitentiary, where Acciarito was incarcerated, was ordered to deliver to the latter a forged letter in the handwriting of his sweetheart, Pasqua Venaruba, imploring him for the sake of their child to petition for a royal pardon, as one weakly led astray by wicked companions.

"To prepare the way for the success of this trick, Acciarito's gaolers had for several months beforehand been harping upon the fiction of his sweetheart's having given birth to a son.

Angelelli then informed the unhappy man that there was a good prospect of his release if he would just conform to superior instructions and denounce as accomplices in his attempted regicide five individuals whom the authorities had marked out for the purpose. Acciarito gave way, except in the case of one victim, with whom he was personally acquainted. When the trial took place in 1899, at Teramo, Acciarito discovered the official treachery, and realized fully the fate whereto he was exposing the innocent quartette. The prisoners were acquitted, while Acciarito was sent back to prison, and the vials of the public wrath poured on Governor Angelelli's head, causing his retirement.

"A new scandal has arisen through Angelelli revealing that he was only executing the instructions of headquarters. Besides the Crown Prosecutors, the two accused functionaries and the witnesses they are alleged to have employed are being criminally proceeded against by the four victims referred to. The public feeling over these revelations is intense, for the scandalous, officially-faked bomb plot at Ancona at the time of Victor Emmanuel's visit there is still recent history."

Comment is, of course, needless. The reader can see for himself how much truth there is in these "plot" stories.

SPAIN.

The Comstocks of Spain are prosecuting and confiscating *Salud y Fuerza* of Barcelona, for the splendid eugenic work it is doing for the future of a better race to come.

PORTUGAL.

In Lisbon has been opened the first free school, named Alfonso Costa in honor of the republican member of parliament of that name, who donated a house for this purpose. The school started with fifty pupils of both sexes. Soon other schools of similar character will be opened, with the purpose of damming the influence of the religiously permeated public schools. Through these free schools it is hoped to accomplish effective work against clericalism, by educating the masses along the lines of Ferrer's splendid work in Spain.

From Coimbra some young comrades, mostly students, inform us that they have formed a group of propaganda, called "Mocidade Livre." Good luck to our friends!

A Conquista do Paõ is a splendid weekly published in Lisbon, Portugal, Rua de José Antonio Serrano 26, devoted to the labor movement along syndicalist lines.

DENMARK.

In Denmark it is the young men especially who conduct the active libertarian and anti-militarist propaganda. Thousands of leaflets are daily scattered about in the barracks, and the authorities are powerless to put a stop to this incessant distribution. Apart from these gratuitous leaflets the Danish youth issues the *Nij Tid* (the New Times), which is widely read, and which appears every fortnight. There are also two other libertarian journals with considerable circulation, viz., the *Anarchist* and the *Kor-Saren*, the latter being edited by the celebrated Danish poet Hans Jaeger, whose reputation long ago passed beyond the narrow limits of his native land.

HUNGARY.

A committee of trades union representatives of syndicalistic tendencies is issuing an appeal, protesting against autoritarian centralization of the economic movement, tending towards annexation to the Socialist Party. The signers claim that there is a strong libertarian current in Hungarian labor, which has to be enlisted in the cause of syndicalism and direct action, in order to obtain beneficial results. They protest against all efforts of making the union movement the mere appendix to the ambitions of a political party.

JAPAN.

While Transvaal, under the pressure of labor, organized and unorganized, is about to banish Chinese coolies, Japanese capital is meditating earnestly the advisability of importing Chinese labor for railroad construction. The plan is deeply resented by the laboring classes of Japan, we are informed by the *Labour Leader*, of London. Already an advance guard of thirty-six coolies has arrived at Nagasaki, to be employed in the construction of the Nagoshima railway. The direct action methods of Japanese labor in the Besshi, Ashaio mines, in navy yards and other private and government concerns, threatening the profits of the patriotic investors, show that labor is waking up to the recognition of what is its own. And the "patriotic" substitution of submissive, meek foreigners for the unruly, undesirable, because not profitable, citizens by the pillars of nationalism and capitalism will help labor on the road towards emancipation.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

AUGUST REINSDORF UND DIE NIEDERWALD-VERSCHWOERUNG. Max Schütte. Berlin.

THE ELDER BROTHER. Chas. L. Brewer. To-Morrow Publishing Co., Chicago.

THE STORY OF THE RED FLAG. Published by J. A. Wayland, Girard, Kansas.

WILLIAM GODWIN AND MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. (Series, "Lives of Great Altrurians.) Victor Robinson. Published by The Altrurians, New York.

EROTOGENESIS OF RELIGION. Theodore Schroeder. 63 East 59th street, New York.

LA MUJER DESDE EL PASADO AL PORVENIR. José Sergi. Barcelona.

NOTE

Sadakichi Hartmann, the well-known contributor to MOTHER EARTH, will make an extensive lecturing tour during the latter part of November and December. He will open in Syracuse, November 16. The special feature of his tour will be an illustrated lecture on the French Revolution. He also lectures on Edgar Allen Poe, Walt Whitman, Women as Delineated in Modern Literature, and various art and literary subjects.

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